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THE HEROES OF THE HEART,

AND OTHER POEMS.

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THE
HEROES OF THE HEART,
AND OTHER
LYRICAL POEMS.

By GEORGE HULL.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour, .
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

LONGFELLOW.

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THE HEROES OF THE HEART.

O the world knows who the heroes are
That o'er each battle-field
March fearlessly on through the woes of war,
And know not how to yield ;
Whose love for the land that gave them birth,
Breaks every baser tie,
And turns their thoughts from the sordid earth
To the cause for which they die.

And the world knows who the heroes are
That glorify their land,
When the voice of Peace has silenced War,
And industries expand :
They are found in the forge, the mine, the mill,
And the nation's senate halls,
And they give their lives for their brethren still
When the voice of Duty calls.

These bravely scatter a light whose rays
 Illumine every shore,
And the nation's songs right nobly praise
 Their names for evermore.
'Tis well that a grateful land should show
 How these have borne their part,
But the heroes earth will never know
 Are the heroes of the heart !

They live their lives to the world unknown,
 Their woes ne'er find a tongue,
And yet to the great last trumpet's tone
 Their praises will be sung ;
They've spread pure love in the place of sin
 Wherever their feet have trod,
And the bloodless vict'ries which they win
 Are only known to God.

One suffers the loss of a lifelong friend,
 Another, a priceless spouse ;
And death, that brings one troth to an end,
 But faster binds their vows ;
Like a quenchless stream that onward flows,
 Though an earthquake move its bed,
Their love through a human desert goes
 And a thousand hearts are fed !

One weeps for a parent passed away,
And one for an angel-child ;
One mourns for the hopes of youth's bright day,
Destroyed by tempests wild :
Wide, wide apart are the things they've lost,
But the heroes are as one,
For they look not back to count the cost
Till the battle of life be done !

They mount with the wings of human love
To the heights of love divine,
They turn men's thoughts to the land above,
Where angel-faces shine ;
For, though deep sorrow has racked with pain
Their spirits pure and bold,
They rise to the work of life again,
With a strength no song hath told.

To the God who gave they render back
Each boon, with souls resigned,
And walk henceforth in the thorny track
Of the service of mankind.
Their words are the wayside flowers of life,
Their noble deeds take root,
And bear, for the wanderer faint with strife,
Full many a strengthening fruit.

O the world is all too blind to know
How the heroes live and die,
But the story of their silent woe
Is told in the Courts on High.
And when at the feet of the Judge we stand,
And the light and darkness part,
We shall see them shine at His own right hand—
The heroes of the heart !





OCCASIONAL POEMS.

AT A BABY'S GRAVE.

The shining lilies white, love,
Are on thy grave to tell
The innocence and beauty
We loved in thee so well.

Faith tells us thou art pleading
For us before God's throne,—
Through sorrow He is leading
Our weak hearts to His own.

O, may our path grow clearer—
From sin's dark shadows free—
And heaven still draw nearer
Through hope of meeting thee.

And if that bright hope aid us
Eternal peace to gain,
Sweet flower of rosy childhood,
Thou hast not lived in vain !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hark ! the bells are gaily ringing,
While the sounds of gleeful singing
Tell of Him who came at Christmas
Many centuries ago ;
Who was cradled in a manger,
And of Herod lived in danger ;
Who redeemed the world and taught us
How to conquer sin and woe.

Friends, long parted, are united,
And fond hopes that have been blighted
Rise once more, by love rekindled,
Round the homely cheerful fire ;
And the rosy children's voices
Tell how each young heart rejoices
As the mirthful Christmas Carol
Soundeth higher still and higher.

Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Daughter lends new charms to mother,
While the father looks with pride
 Upon the dear long-absent son ;
Many a tender, holy feeling
Ssprings in every heart, revealing
Gleams of what the Child of Nazareth
 For a sinful world hath done.

May bright Christmas still continue
By such joys as these to win you—
Gentle souls!—from every sorrow
 As each year it comes again ;
And to you may grace be given
By the Lord of earth and heaven,
To fulfil with joy the tidings—
 “ Peace on earth, goodwill to men.”

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

He rests upon his bed,
Low lies his snowy head—
The poor Old Year ! he soon must pass away,
Yet not without a tear,
He leaves this earthly sphere,
For we have sported with him many a day.

We loved him when he came,
When "New Year" was his name,
And he was full of youth's exulting pride ;
And now that he is old,
Our love has grown tenfold,
And anxiously we watch by his bedside.

For he to us has been
A kindly year, I ween ;
And though he could not always make us smile,
As time wore on he brought
Fresh joys—till then unsought—
Our hearts away from sorrow to beguile.

But see ! the midnight hour
Hath shorn him of his power,—
One long and deep-drawn sigh, and he is gone !
While through the open door,
Just when the strife is o'er,
Old Time brings in a smiling little one.

This is the New-born Year ;
And though we shed a tear,
And think how soon the good Old Year has flown,
We'll through the night prolong,
Our sounds of hopeful song,
And gladly make the fair New Year our own.

Then welcome, New Year bright !
May every heart be light
That hails thy coming ere the merry morn ;
May each one—young and old—
Taste gladness yet untold,
And bless the happy day when thou wert born.

THE SMILE OF A FRIEND.

When cares or afflictions our short lives have clouded,
And sighing we almost wish life at an end ;
When round us, unnumbered, dark sorrows are crowded,—
How sweet to the heart comes the smile of a friend.

It breaks through the clouds that are hovering o'er us,
Like sunshine it drives every sorrow away ;
Dispels the dark visions that floated before us,
And bids us look forth to a happier day.

'Tis sunshine indeed, and though few words be spoken,
It speaks for itself and its story is true ;
Of brotherly love 'tis a beautiful token,
And many a good thought does its shining renew.

It brings back the days of our youth to our vision,
And mem'ries of schooldays steal round us once more ;
It bids us look up to that Country elysian
Where true friends will meet when life's journey is o'er.

Come, lads ! we'll be blithesome and drive away sorrow,
When friends are despondent we'll give them a hand,
And many a kind word will repay us to-morrow
For bringing them safe, in love's vessel, to land.

How light beat the hearts that can thank Him who made
us—
Who bade lovely friendship our footsteps attend—
And, when foes of peace and contentment invade us,
Can conquer them all, through the smile of a friend !

TO A LARK.

What ails my little warbler ?
He singeth not to-day,
From his cage beside the window here,
His carol sweet and gay.

He is longing for the freedom
He used to know and love,
When his home was in the woodlands wide,
His cage the sky above.

Ah, well ! ' my tiny minstrel,
I sympathise with thee ;
I, too, am weak and weary now,
And long so to be free.

Far from the giant buildings
That half shut out the sun,
Where men like slaves must labour on,
And toil is never done.

I long to greet the meadows
Wherein a child I played ;
To quench my thirst at the silver well,
To wander through the glade ;

To hear the bells at evening
Ring out so sweet and low ;
To sit beside the stream, and hear
The music of its flow.

But ah ! my little singer,
My hopes, like thine, are vain ;
I toil for men with book and pen,
Bound down by labour's chain.

I see no sight to cheer me
In dusty rooms like these ;
I have no solace but to hear
Thy tinkling melodies.

Then deem me not too selfish
If I feed and keep thee here—
The only thing that bids me cling
To a sweeter atmosphere !

DUTY AND DELIGHT

What tender sweetness fills thy joyful strain,
High-soaring lark that gladdeneth all the field ;
Whose care it is to guard thy mate, and shield
Thy first-born brood from hunger and from pain.

Thine eyes enraptured show a heart full fain,
My gallant boy, when eager budding youth
Brings thy first journey through the realms of truth,
To view God's works, by learning's light made plain.

Thou hidest thy thrice-happy looks in vain,
Shy, new-made bride, when first thy household cares
Are mingled with thy gentle hopes and prayers
For him whose kisses on thy rose-lips rain.

O ! joy fills all things when the wondrous light
Of youth is thrown upon life's rugged ways ;
And evermore those are the dearest days
When Love and Youth crown Duty with Delight.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

"There is but one true love," the poet saith,
"All other loves are vain,
And if that first true love go down to death,
It comes not back again.

"All other loves are but the shadows frail
Of this most glorious one,—
Mere shadows, which, compared, seem poor and pale,—
Like moonbeams to the sun."

But, O my poet ! I would live my life
Of sorrow o'er again
To teach one lesson of its lingering strife
To weary-hearted men.

I too have felt the first love's early glow,
Its peace so true and mild,
Aye, even in the golden long-ago,
When I was but a child.

One face for ever lighted all my dreams ;
One heart to mine beat true ;
One smile to-day before my vision beams,
As then 'twas wont to do.

One gentle hand, for ever in my own,
Those dreams still bring to me ;
And when I wake, to find myself alone,
My tears fall fast and free.

One dark brown tress amid my treasures now
Like some saint's relic lies,—
It used to rest upon that placid brow
Whence beamed my lady's eyes.

One woman thus I loved in youth,—and yet
Am loyal to another,—
For her on whom my earliest love was set—
Thank heaven!—was my mother.

From her sweet self my earliest vision springs
Of woman pure and high,
To her first love my spirit ever clings,
Let grief, or joy, be nigh.

Stranger or friend—whichever thou may'st be,
Whose eyes glance o'er my page—
Accept this one consoling truth from me,
'Twill live in youth or age.

Our God "fulfils Himself in many ways,"
And though He take, in pain,
From thy poor soul the joys of early days,
He can give back again.

He bids thee only keep thy own heart true
To one divine ideal,
And then the purest love thy childhood knew
Shall make all others real !

SEA AND RIVER.

Man ! thou art like the ever-restless sea,
Too often madly striving to be free
From those strong bounds which God hath set apart
To guide and guard thy wild and wandering heart.
A sweet, brief calm thou knowest when a boy,
The world before thee opens, full of joy ;
But, all too soon, thy heart, with passion warm,
Nears manhood's noon, and feels the inward storm
Which either gives thee energy at length,
And makes thy soul majestic in its strength,
Or dashes thee about, until at last
Thy hopes, affections, virtues—all, are cast
Upon the hard, cold rocks that round thee lie,
In shame or dark obscurity to die !

It is not so with woman—she doth seem
To move along more like a quiet stream.
She springeth, pure and beauteous, from God's hand,

And passeth, in her childhood, through the land,
For ever making music as she goes,
And shedding light upon the darkest woes.
The young who strive, the old who sigh and think
O'er bygone days, love from her soul to drink
The clear refreshment innocence supplies,
And, having drunk, to nobler actions rise.
But O, when childhood's journey is passed o'er,
How beautiful she seems, as by the shore
Of Youth she passes; who hath tongue to tell
The power, O man!—that holds thee with its spell,
The glory that her purity reveals
When, like the crystal stream, her love first steals
Into the storm-tossed ocean of thy soul—
The billows of thy sorrow cease to roll,
The storm abates, the world's loud thunders cease,
And all its bitter strife is lost in wondrous peace.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

When the busy day had fled,
By my lonely hearth I read
How a land of might and glory,
Famous in the world's great story,
Once endured, 'mid crime and tears,
War's grim rule for seven years.

How through every darkened day
He maintained relentless sway ;
How the brave, the strong, the cherished,
At his bidding fought and perished ;
Father, husband, lover, son,
Swept away with spear and gun !

How the night would often seem
Like some wild and ghastly dream,
When the thought of dead and dying,
In the mellow moonlight lying,
Filled with anguish dark and deep,
Hearts that longed for rest and sleep !

While I wondered more and more
How the weary nations bore
That long reign of grief and terror,
Born of earthly crime and error,
Glimpses of another fight
Came from out the fitful light.

From those glimpses grew the thought
Of the good and evil wrought
By the mighty war which rages,
All unknown to history's pages,
When the foes of heavenly truth
Storm the fiery soul of youth.

Seven years of youthful strife
Shape the course of human life ;
What men are in this endeavour
They will oft remain for ever,—
Base or noble, chained or free !
All, great Youth, depends on thee !

Anxious angels watch this war,
From celestial thrones afar,—
See the good and ill contending
For the mastery never ending ;
See the world's great powers allied
With the dark and evil side.

Men are blind, but angels know
What a dreadful weight of woe
Waits for those who strive to follow
Earthly phantoms vain and hollow,
And upon youth's battlefield,
For their sake like cowards yield !

Angel-songs alone can say
All the joys that light his way
Who, with soul by grace made glorious,
From each fight comes forth victorious,
And because he perseveres,
Wins the war of seven years !

Life and death to him shall be
Truly noble, truly free ;
Duty, Love, and Peace shall guide him,
Through the years, and kneel beside him,
When life's slowly-sinking sun
Tells him all his toil is done !

THE ANGEL-MOTHER.

When life is dark, and all seems drear,
And none are near to comfort me,
A voice from Heaven I seem to hear,
A vision bright I see.

Descending from the "Better Land,"
I see my mother's radiant form ;
I kiss her cheek, I hold her hand,
And silenced is the storm.

No matter what my sorrows are,
No matter though temptation strong
Be with my better self at war,
I always hear her song.

It sounds above the worldly din,
And charms my heart with holy love ;
It turns my thoughts from care and sin,
And bids me look above.

It bids me work with ardour great,
Submissive to the Master's will ;
Accept with joy my earthly state,
And well my task fulfil.

It shows me how my humble lyre,
If used fair Virtue's worth to own,
May one day sound amongst the choir
Beside our Saviour's throne.

And, when the clouds disperse once more,
She leaves me, with her angel-smile,
My heart made glad, my sorrows o'er,—
And bids me wait awhile.

Then cheerfully I go my way ;
And singing pass I through the throng,
And thank my God, and beg one day
In Heaven to hear her song.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

I am sinking, sister, sinking—
Dying ere my youth is fled ;
I can see your form but dimly,
As you kneel beside my bed.

For mine eyes are glassy growing,
And my feet are stiff and cold,
While my frame is racked with fever,
And a pain words leave untold.

When the winds of Spring were sighing,
I was light of heart and strong ;
Now the Summer leaves lie dying,
And I hear the angels' song.

When the primrose pale was springing,
All my thoughts were of this earth,—
Now, each shortening day is bringing
Dreams of my eternal birth.

I have sighed for love and pleasure,
In the days now passed away ;
But the joys of earth seem hollow,
As I think of them to-day.

And methinks, if I were given
Strength to live my life again,
I would train myself for heaven,
Far from all the haunts of men !

Yet, my sister, let God guide you ;
For I may not rashly deem
That the world of love and labour
Is a false and fruitless dream.

In the home, as in the cloister,
Burns the fire of love divine,
Both count saints among their children,
Both are part of His design.

And the life of calm seclusion,
That is filled with grace for one,
May be aimless to another,
With the world's keen race to run.

I will only pray, my sister,
That when you are left behind,
You may win your crown of glory,
In the life for you designed.

Walking onward meekly, purely,
Like a pilgrim through the land ;
Gathering flowers of holy fragrance,
To be placed in God's own hand !

I am weary now,—so weary,
I can speak but little more ;
Pray, O pray ! for me, dear sister,
Till this last long strife is o'er !

Raise my aching head a little,—
Let me gaze with these poor eyes
On the white-robed band descending
From yon strangely shining skies.

See them now ! they come to meet me !
Hear the wondrous music swell,
Kiss me once again, sweet sister ;
Kiss me once, and now farewell !

Life is sweet, but death is sweeter,
When it leads to life divine—
Angels, pray for me and guard me ;
King of Angels, make me Thine !

THE WHITE-HAIRED SINGER.

(Written for the first anniversary of Longfellow's death.)

A year ago to-day
A Poet passed away—
A Poet who was master of his lyre ;
And though that lyre be still
Its strains remain to thrill
And lift our hearts and aspirations higher.

How gloriously he sang,
And how the nations rang,
For many a year with echoes of his song
Remember we full well
And own the magic spell
Which charms and elevates the toiling throng.

But now, alas ! no more
From brave Columbia's shore
Comes, borne o'er the Atlantic wide his lay ;
The white-haired singer sleeps,
And still our England weeps
With her sad daughter o'er the watery way.

Yet while our eyes grow dim
Whene'er we think of him,
We gather consolation, for we know
His name will always stand
Revered in many a land—
His priceless songs will lessen human woe.

True poets never die,
But dwell with God on high—
Beneath His smile whose lessons they have taught;
And looking down on earth
At every morning's birth,
See many a good deed through their teaching wrought.

I speak of those whose song
Has never championed wrong,
Or marred the holy melody of love;
And surely *he* was one,
For pure and bright he shone
With virtue's radiance mirrored from above.

If more but knew the power
With which in silent hour
His tender strains can solace weary hearts,
The world would nobler grow,
And every heart would know
The peace which gentle sympathy imparts.

Already thousands know
His worth ; and time will show
That through the days to come Longfellow's name,
Enshrined with grateful care,
Will shine—a jewel rare !—
Upon the kingly coronal of Fame.

Full many a poet's lays
Will swell with joyous praise
Of God who gave this minstrel to our age ;
And nations, yet unborn,
Shall see his name adorn
With hallowed glory, history's pregnant page.

Long will that name be blest,
While sweetly he doth rest,
From earth and all its sorrows far away ;
And men of every clime,
Touched by his lays sublime,
Bless him who died a year ago to-day !

THE KING'S VISIT.

(Founded on the story of Charles V. of Germany and I. of Spain. The word "King" is here used instead of "Emperor," as being more simple and musical.)

In Seville the old and splendid,
Mirth and music reign supreme,
In a radiant glory blended,
Fair as some enchanted dream.

Joyous hearts find sweetest voices
On this gladsome day to sing,
Every loyal soul rejoices
At the coming of the King.

See, he comes! men bend before him,
Each one with most humble mien;
Till emotions strange come o'er him
As those lowly heads are seen.

For he thinks how vain and fleeting
Are their homage and his fame;
And he hears not half their greeting,
As they shout and sing his name.

He is thinking of his childhood,
Ere he trod his earthly throne;
Of that chapel in the wildwood,
Where he used to kneel alone.

There, he knows, a King far greater
Reigns in silence day by day;
There, he knows, the world's Creator
Blesses all who come to pray.

There, he knows, His voice is pleading
Evermore, men's hearts to win ;
Yet they pass Him all unheeding,
Sell His choicest gifts for sin.

There, the birds alone are singing,
There, the banners are the trees,
While one little bell is ringing
Faintly in the morning breeze.

Hail your king, ye joyous people !
Soon your merry day is o'er ;
Clash, ye bells ! in tower and steeple—
Ye shall hail the King no more !

He hath trod your streets the last time,
He hath passed beyond your town ;
Wearied out with worldly pastime,
He hath laid aside his crown.

In that chapel in the wildwood
He is kneeling as of yore,
While the peace that crowned his childhood
Fills his heart and brain once more.

He hath joined the cloistered brothers,
He will live for God alone,—
Toil and pray amongst the others,
Unregarded and unknown !

Greater kings have lived and flourished,
Greater rulers held their sway ;
Yet their majesty hath perished,
They were children of a day.

But to this wise monarch's story
Still my fancy closely clings,
For he gave up earth's best glory
To the King above all kings !

AN ANGEL'S NAME.

You turned away your radiant face,
Then looked at me with blame,
When I to your angelic grace
Once gave an angel-name.

You thought of those who reign above,
And said it was not meet
That I should call my earthly Love
"My Guardian-Angel sweet."

Ah, well! be sure I never meant
To slight what God had given,—
I ne'er forgot the Spirit sent
To guide my soul to Heaven.

But, looking back upon my life,
You ever seemed to be
A second Angel, 'mid the strife
'Twixt care and sin and me.

I cannot think of boyhood's days
Without recalling too
The gentle smile that met my gaze
When first you crossed my view.

That smile of yours ne'er lost its power,—
It followed me afar,
And shone through many a sunless hour
As shone the eastern star.

'Tis true I followed not its light ;
 'Tis true I did not tread
At first within the pathway bright
 To which that smile had led.

I gazed on other faces, Love,
 And all but yours grew cold ;
I journeyed through fresh places, Love,
 But none were like the old.

Through all my wanderings, evermore,
 Your early smile came back
To guide me o'er a treacherous shore
 To manhood's firmer track.

As Guardian-Angels guide mankind
 Across this Vale of Tears,
You guided me—a wanderer blind—
 Through youth's uncertain years.

And since I gained your hand and heart,
 My life is made for me
A Land, from all the world apart,
 Beside a sunlit sea :

A glorious land, where all is blest,
Where love and virtue meet ;
Where cheerful toil and peaceful rest
Each blissful day complete.

Then wonder not that I should steal
A heavenly word to tell
The peace which you have made me feel,—
The praise you earn so well.

And cloud no more your radiant face
To look at me with blame,—
For you who fill an angel's place
Deserve an angel's name !

LOVE AND ANGER.

O, breathe no more that angry word !
For grief will reign if such be said :
But know, when Anger's voice is heard
The Spirit of true Love hath fled.

I know he may return again,
With sweeter smile and greater power ;
Yet he may fail to conquer pain
Created in a careless hour.

When years have passed, if Death lay low
The gentle one to thee so dear,
Thy own hot words will swell thy woe,
While lonely weeping o'er her bier.

Or, if God call thee first away,
She will not bless thy memory more
If words like those thy lips would say
Have often pierced her leal heart's core.

Our life hath more of night than day,
Its days have more of shower than sun ;
But kindness is a lamp whose ray
Will beam when days of joy are done.

Then let thy kindness brighter shine
To-day, when skies are dark above ;
And light with peace the face benign
Of her who lives for home and love.

Thus, trampling down all selfish pride,
A noble victory thou wilt win,
Gladden the dear one by thy side,
And hear a voice say from within,—

“ Well done ! Thy kind and manly word
True blessings on thy life hath shed ;
For know, when Love’s sweet voice is heard,
God’s angel, Peace, thy way doth tread ! ”

THE FRIEND UNSEEN.

I’ve scanned the page of many a bard
Whose strain melodious rings,
From Shakespeare to the lowliest one
That in our own day sings.
I love their lore ; yet love far more
Than all the rest, I ween,
The prince of great Columbia’s choir—
My wondrous friend unseen.

He was the first whose note I heard
In boyhood’s early days,
When earth seemed still a paradise
To my unclouded gaze.
I traced with beating heart each step
Of sad Evangeline,
Then learned to prize and longed to meet
The friend I’d never seen.

The "Voices of the Night" to me
Were music wondrous sweet,
I heard the "Village Blacksmith" song
Ring down the quiet street.
I watched the royal slave expire
The "ungathered rice" beside,
And saw the mild-eyed angel, sent
To tame King Robert's pride.

To me the "wild sweet" belfry's chimes
Brought dreams of days of old,
For I had heard the story of
The Flemish warriors told.
I saw the flower of Flanders meet
On Courtrai's honoured field,—
A nation's pride with Right allied—
To bid the Frenchmen yield.

And not alone on olden days
My poet shed his light,—
A hundred songs of homely ways
Flit through my mind to-night.
"The Seaside and the Fireside" blend
Their charms my brain within,
And youth's first music lingers yet,
About the "Wayside Inn."

The love of little children, too,
Made holy his old age ;
The strength of " white simplicity "
Shone ever on his page.
In cultured use of simple words
He never seemed to fail,
Yet brought some new and subtile charm
To every song or tale.

But most of all I love my friend
For sorrow bravely borne,—
Because he laboured to the end,
When heart from heart was torn.
" Footsteps of Angels " strengthen me,
As oft they strengthened him
Who heard them, as I hear them now,
Amid the twilight dim.

O ! wondrous is the power of song—
Like faith itself it seems ;
He sang to me across the sea,
And mirrored all my dreams ;
By sympathy of soul I dare
To claim him as my friend
Whose comradeship I shall not share
Until the journey's end.

“Look not,” my soul, “upon the past,
It comes not back again ;”
“Wisely improve the present ;” toil
To raise thy fellow men.
“Go forth to meet the future with
A fearless manly heart ;”
And let thy “footprints on the sands ”
Attest thy noble part.

These, and a hundred lessons more,
Flowed from the singer's lips,
Who more than brother seemed to me
'Mid sorrow's first eclipse.
The noblest, tenderest, bravest bard
That in our age hath been,
Was he who thrilled my youthful soul—
My constant friend unseen !

PEACE.

Peace walked with me along the ways
Of my beloved, early years ;
Peace mingled sweetness with my tears,
And filled with beauty all my days.

Time passed with swiftmess, and ere long
 The battle of my life began ;
 I felt myself at length a man,
And took my place among the throng.

I took my place with youthful pride ;
 I fought an earthly fight, and won ;
 But, when the deadly fray was done,
Peace stood no longer by my side.

I sought her long, but all in vain,
 The years went by ; she came no more ;
 While I grew rich in golden store,
But felt within a ceaseless pain :

For well I knew that I had fought
 For nothing but the world's renown ;
 And, in my haste to win its crown,
A thousand evil deeds had wrought.

I left the City's strife and din,
 And to my childhood's home returned—
 That home for which I had not yearned
Through all my selfish years of sin.

I knelt before the altar-throne
Where in my nobler days I prayed ;
The birds around sweet music made,
While I wept on for hours alone.

I rose at length—a new life planned
Within my brain—when by my side
Lo ! Peace stood smiling, glorified,
And led me gently by the hand.

And now she walks with me the ways
Of glorious manhood's ripened years.
And mingles sweetness with my tears,
And fills with beauty all my days.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

When on earth is born a little maiden,
Comes an unseen angel from the skies ;
With sweet blessings of Our Father laden,
Quick to greet the little one she flies.

Flowers, full of fragrance and of beauty,
Gives she to that little helpless child :
Guiding stars, to show the path of duty,
When the world is stormy, dark, and wild.

And the fairest of those flowers of Heaven
Are the lily and the blushing rose ;
For a purpose holy they are given,
And their value well the angel knows.

Shines the lily with a saint-like whiteness,
Pure and spotless comes it from God's hand ;
And the rose doth glow with ruddy brightness :—
Empress of the flowers of our land.

Purity, of virtues is most glorious,
And the lily is its emblem dear ;
It will lead a maiden on, victorious,
Through life's battle drying every tear.

While the rose of beauty, brightly beaming
On her face, will glorify her smile ;—
Soothing many a heart with sadness teeming,
Making pain or sorrow sleep awhile.

Maiden ! let those flowers be united,
Ever, through thy life, in joy or pain ;
Treasure them, that they may ne'er be blighted,
Never sell them for a worldly gain.

By thy heavenly purity and beauty,
Guide thou others, with thyself, along,
Through the ways of goodness and of duty,
To the land of never-ending song !

THE POET'S REWARD.

The worldling said unto the bard,
" Why waste thy precious time in song,
To please the ever-changing throng ?—
For they will give thee no reward."

The bard was silent for a while ;
Then, with a touch of magic fire,
His fingers swept the tuneful lyre,
And he made answer, with a smile.

"I ask not their rewards," he said,
 "The Master deigned to send me here
 To teach, and by my songs to cheer
The priceless souls for whom He bled.

"I am the servaht—He the Lord,—
 And I must do my duty well
 Whilst in this fleeting world I dwell,
And trust in Him for my reward.

"I know 'tis hard to sing at times
 When faithless children of this earth
 Deny the beauty, truth, or worth
Of poets' noblest, stateliest rhymes.

"But what of that? All are not so;
 And over some—thank God, not few!—
 A song falls like the morning dew
And cools the fever of their woe.

"And so I do not sing in vain,
 But scatter songs upon my way,
 And find glad listeners every day,
Amid life's sunshine, storm, or rain.

“ These songs, perchance, may bring sweet tears
And memories of days of yore
To some whose time of joy seemed o’er,
And give them peace unknown for years.

“ Or some poor wanderer, steeped in sin,
Responding to my simple lay
May feel his heart inclined to pray,
And, cleansed, a nobler life begin.

“ To help my brethren in the strife
’Gainst sin, or sorrow, dark and drear,
To teach them none but God to fear,
Shall be the objects of my life.

“ And for refreshment I will drink
From streams of song which bards of old
Have poured from minds sublime and bold ;
And I will be content to think

“ That God, who unto me hath given
The depth of grief, the height of mirth,—
If I but do His work on earth,
Will give me my reward in Heaven ! ”

PERSEVERE.

Brother ! choose the path of duty,
Keep that path, and have no fear ;
Life will show thee all its beauty
If thou wilt but persevere.

When dark clouds are hanging o'er thee,
And thy way seems dim and drear,
Think of Heaven that lies before thee,—
Strive for that, and persevere.

Grieve not, though thy lot be lowly,
And thou toilest year by year,—
Has not God made labour holy ?—
Do thy best, and persevere.

Be thou Statesman, Artist, Poet,
Hold thy own vocation dear ;
Thou hast genius ! Toil will show it ;
Help thy brethren, persevere !

God has given all His creatures
Duties, loving, true and clear ;
Every state has noble features,
Choose thy own, and persevere !

Make each day in life a witness,
Spreading tidings far and near
Of the glory and the fitness
Of the watchword—Persevere !

THE REBOUND.

Against a stately forest tree,
That long through storms had held its own,
When but a child, I flung a stone,
Which, bounding backwards, wounded me.

The tree bore not the slightest trace
Of injury upon its bark,
Yet I for months retained the mark
Left by that wound upon my face.

Long afterwards, a foolish dream
Had half destroyed my sense of right,
And, dazzled by its visions bright,
I rowed against Fate's mighty stream !

I had a friend most fond and true,
Who gently showed me where I erred ;
But, all by pride and anger stirred,
At him a word of scorn I threw.

He stood serenely, like the oak,
Surrounded by the golden light
Of conscious truth and sterling right,
And braved, unscathed, the maddening stroke.

But I—though years have passed away,
And Friendship binds our souls again,—
Still feel the self-inflicted pain
Shoot through my weary heart to-day.

And often, when I hear him speak
Words, noble, manly, sweet and wise,
With goodness beaming from his eyes,
There comes a blush upon my cheek :

While Conscience crushes all my frame,
As when that cruel word of scorn
Drove through my heart the double thorn
Of keen remorse and lowering shame !

THE BALLAD OF LILY-MARY.

God sent me Lily-Mary
In Youth's most wayward day,
To comfort me and guide me
Along the narrow way.
Her voice was thrilling music,
Her love was half divine,
And in her eyes so tender
The light of truth did shine.

She came to help and cheer me
When all was dark around,
And in the home she made me
My youth's first peace was found.
We toiled and loved together
For two unclouded years,
And then my woeful heart returned
To loneliness and tears.

An angel-child had wandered
To earth from realms above,—
Had come to crown with glory
Our new and wondrous love.
Alas! for Lily-Mary!
Her babe scarce saw the day
Before the gentle mother
By death was borne away.

Upon the mount of gladness
In Summer's golden noon,
The sudden storm had found me,
And raged around me soon.
With memory's flashing lightning
Came thunders of despair,
And with them both I battled
In deep'ning darkness there.

I saw a "silvery lining"
Within the clouds so black—
The baby-smile so radiant,
To earth had called me back :
The mother's eyes looked on me
From that sweet infant face ;
I still had one to live for,
Through life's uncertain race.

O fleeting, vain illusion !
O hope that soon betrayed !
'Twas only for a moment
The angry storm delayed :
The little face grew thinner,
And shorter came the breath,
Until my child—my only hope—
Was yielded up to death.

Then madness hovered near me,
Unseen by those around ;
Far deeper ran my sorrow-stream
Because it gave no sound.
I prayed that Death the reaper
Would strike the fatal blow,
And let me share with those I loved
The grave so sweet and low.

My thoughts were strange and wayward ;
But still the fight I won,
For on one prayer I stumbled,—
“God’s holy will be done.”
It rang, through night and morning,
In my bewildered ears,
Until it melted all my heart
In sweet resignèd tears.

It purified my sorrow,
It made my pathway plain,
For God and for my neighbour
I rose to life again.
I cast mere earthly schemes away,—
A nobler life begun, --
When from my heart I learnt to say,
“God’s holy will be done ! ”

I begged at first to labour
In His own vineyard sweet,
Where my dead mother once had longed
To plant my childish feet.
But slowly came the answer
To my imperfect prayer,—
“Not thine to choose the pathway,
Thy steps would falter there.”

“Yet shalt thou teach what Sorrow
Hath now revealed to thee,
Go back into the sinful world,
And strike thy harp for Me.
By song the Angels praise Me,
By song may souls be won,—
Go forth, and let thy message be—
‘God’s holy will be done.’”

The chosen ones of Heaven
Have heavenly work to do,
And my two earth-born-angels
To their own task were true :
And when my heart was breaking
With wild, unspoken pain,
Their memory forced my broken voice
To music once again.

And now sweet Lily-Mary
Looks down and pleads for me,
The babe that never spoke my name
Through God my heart can see.—
I serve no more the fleeting world,
His will and theirs are one,
They know I only live to sing
God's holy will be done !





SONGS.

THE EVENING STAR.

When daylight hath faded,
And toiling is done ;
While stars from the darkness
Peep out one by one ;
As homewards I journey,
I look from afar
For the clear-shining light
Of my own Evening Star.

'Tis not the bright planet
That beams from above,—
I look not so high for
The star that I love,—
'Tis the lamp at the window
My Mary sits by,
And it gains a new light
From each bonny blue eye.

Yes! the lamp at the window
Is dearest by far ;
For it shines with love's brightness—
My own Evening Star !

I know that around it
Are waiting for me
The three fairest children
I ever shall see ;
By the side of their mother,—
The dearest and best
That ever fond lover
In boyhood caressed !

Then here's to the pleasures
Of Love's chosen home,
And a fig for Bohemians
Who aimlessly roam !
My joys are far nobler
Than ever they'll know,
And my star will shine on
Through the dark nights of woe !

Yes! the lamp at the window
Is dearest by far ;
For it shines with love's brightness—
My own Evening Star !

THE MUSIC ON THE WIND.

Last night my heart was filled with woe,
My thoughts were all of thee,
Yet wayward Memory would not show
Thy beauteous form to me.

I strove in vain to call again
Thine image to my mind,
When lo ! a strain of music sweet
Came wafted on the wind.

The memories of our early days
Came back—a glorious throng ;
I saw once more upon thy face
The love too deep for song.

I saw within thine eyes the light
That shone for me alone ;
I lived again that radiant day
Which made thee all my own.

The golden years together spent
In one unclouded home,
That music to my fancy lent
Beneath the starry dome.

And when at last the gladsome strain
Ceased ringing in my ears,
I turned and wandered on again,
With eyes o'erbrimmed with tears.

My heart was beating wild and fast ;
My soul was strangely stirred ;
Yet as I walked I thankful grew
For all that I had heard.

For if earth's music holds the power
To bring thy face in view,
And give me back in one short hour
The years of joy we knew,—

I feel—I know—that when my feet
Rest—all these wanderings o'er,
A strain of heavenly music sweet
Will wed our souls once more !

THE TOILER'S WIFE.

My wife looks bright—her heart is light,
When Fortune's sun is shining ;
And in her face I see the grace
That loves not dull repining.
She gaily sings; and daily brings
To me a world of gladness ;
And drives away, with laughter gay,
The ghosts of care and sadness.

And so I live, and so I love ;
And though the rich may shine,
Not one, I know, of them can show
A wife so *blithe* as mine.

But in the hour when life's clouds lower
Shines forth her virtue's beauty ;
For trials serve her soul to nerve,
And mark the way of duty.
With conscience clear, she conquers fear,
And yields to no blind sorrow ;
But oft will say, " Though dark to-day,
The sun will shine to-morrow."

And so I live, and so I love ;
And though the rich may shine,
Not one, I know, of them can show
A wife so *true* as mine !

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?

Why should I fear to bear my part,—
 Why o'er this world repine,
When evermore my weary heart
 Can trust, my Love, in thine?
Why should I let the world's neglect
 Bring wrinkles to my brow
When thy approving smiles have decked
 My pathway even now?

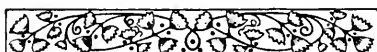
Why should I fear to mount the hills
 Of Duty or of Fame?
A nobler zeal my bosom fills,
 And puts my fears to shame.
Shall I not trust the God who gave
 Thy priceless love to me,
When near me rolled Despair's dark wave,
 Upon life's lonely sea?

For though I did not ask my God
 To crown my life once more,—
And though alone I would have trod
 This earth till life was o'er,—
True love—that only God sends twice—
 Came back again to me,
As when the sun breaks through the ice,
 And sets the brooklet free.

Within thy stainless heart He placed
The gifts revered of yore,
Upon thy countenance He traced
Love's winning smile once more.
I heard the thrilling tones of old
Ring in thy gentle voice,
It was as if an angel told
My sad soul to rejoice.

I see that light within thine eyes
I never hoped to see,
For He who lights yon golden skies
Brings back the past to me :
And if He work such wonders now,
While grace in me is dim,
Shall I not kiss thy hopeful brow,
And learn to trust in Him ?

Yes ! Why should I not bear my part ?
Why o'er this world repine,
When evermore my weary heart
Can trust, my Love, in thine ?
Why should I let the world's neglect
Bring wrinkles to my brow,
When thy approving smiles have decked
My pathway even now ?





SONNETS AND SONNET-STANZAS.

FAITH.

There came an Angel-King to dwell with men ;
He gained allegiance through celestial things,
And 'neath the shadow of his mighty wings
The peace of Eden drew near earth again.
Souls, Godlike, traversed every mount and glen
Of changing life, with hearts that knew not fear,
Their hopes were great, their aims were high and clear,
Their lowliest lives had noble features then.

But O ! if life waxed strong beneath his sway,
Far stronger death ! for then the angel strode
With lifted sword by each true pilgrim's side,
And smote the demons by the darkling road ;
Then threw the gates of Heaven open wide,
And God's own smile became eternal day !

THE DOUBLE BLESSING.

(1887.)

Thy love became my blessing on the day
When first I looked upon thy gentle face,
And saw in thy young eyes the stainless grace
Which fleeting years have failed to steal away.
At morn or night, when kneeling down to pray
That love with pure devotion filled the place,
And with more love for God there grew apace
More reverence for the Virgin Queen of May!

But Oh! another joy awaited me
Upon the threshold of my wedded life;—
For God, even in little things, made thee
Like my dead mother, and through all earth's strife
I walk as one twice blest, for I can see
My mother's virtues living in my wife!

TO THE MEMORY OF ALFRED,
LORD TENNYSON.

O prince, by right divine, of English song!
Most noble, with nobility inborn;
Pure-hearted, strong, melodious, free from scorn,
Thy wondrous voice hath been our solace long.

But now a hush falls on each anxious throng
Through thy own England on this saddened morn,
As thou, with holiest labours spent and worn,
Layest down the burdens which to life belong.
O! mayest thou "see thy Pilot face to face,"
Now thou hast "crost the bar" so peacefully!
And may we—later pilgrims of thy race—
Cheered by thy songs, with life's tempestuous sea
Do battle bravely, till by God's own grace
We too behold His form and meet with thee!

Thursday, October 6th, 1892.

DEEP LOVE, DEEP SORROW.

Dost thou remember, sweet departed wife,
How, in the days when thy most holy love
Lifted my heart all earthly things above,
We talked of two poor souls, whose foolish strife
O'er little things embittered half their life,
And how I, viewing our own peaceful hours,
Said to thee "Sweet, there is no love like ours
In all this world with sin and sorrow rife?"

Dost thou remember how the gladsome tone
Of those repeated words, on many a day
Made bright thine eyes, made music in thine ears?

And dost thou see me now, amid my tears,
Forced by the measure of those words to say
That now there is no sorrow like my own?

SUNSHINE AFTER GLOOM.

O sweet spring day, that followeth weeks of rain,
I love thee for thyself, when I can see
Thy glorious sun, that fills the morn with glee,
And bids man triumph over grief and pain.

Exulting in thy splendour, once again
I wander gladly o'er the fruitful lea,
'Mid smiling flowers and songbirds' melody,
Returning by the hawthorn-scented lane.

But O bright day!—God's gift—I love thee more
Because thy wealth of perfume, light, and singing,
Is but a type of Hope once more upspringing
Within my heart, made desolate of yore!
For lo! my Lord, Who to the cross was clinging,
Brings back the home that sheltered me before.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM BILLINGTON.

(Who died January 3rd, 1884.)

The Singer has departed ; and no more
Is heard his voice, so strong and clear and sweet,
Cheering the crowds, in factory and in street,
With melody, as in the days of yore.

His was a master-mind ; and 'twill be long
Before old Blackburn, through the smoke and gloom
That gather round the busy lathe and loom,
Shall see another half so bright in song.

He needs no lays to blazon forth his name,—
His *own* will bear it o'er the sea of time !
Yet I, a child of song, to whom he came
With friendship true and counsel most sublime,
Would to his memory dedicate this stave,
And lay my simple wreath upon his grave.

THE TRINITY OF LOVE.

(1894.)

Once, in my earliest days of wedded life,
My grateful heart o'erflowed in earnest praise
Of God, Who after my young orphan days,
Gave back my mother's virtues to my wife.

The song scarce ended ere a desperate strife
With death began : he conquered, and the sweet
Young soul that in God's pathway kept my feet
Had passed, and sorrow pierced me like a knife.

The lonely years went on without desire

Of any solace in my banishment,

Till, lo ! my loved one, thy true soul was sent
From hers, and life regained its olden fire :

While I, prostrate, gave thanks to Him who lent
To three such souls one power to lift me higher !

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

Dear Hendrik Conscience ; Master of Romance !

With tender skill thy pen portrays the lot

Of humble life in many a rural spot

Where Grief and Joy meet with familiar glance.

And when thy country's warriors stern advance

At thy behest, and battle waxes hot,

Scarce even our own valiant Walter Scott,

In *Ivanhoe*, with thee could break a lance !

Lion of Flanders ! how thine image glows,

True Golden Knight ! upon the matchless page

Of Conscience,—this new Iliad in prose,

Whence streams the light of that heroic age

When French oppression bred the conquering rage

With which the guildsmen slew their plundering foes !

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Amongst the workmen-poets of our land
He stands—a Prince by nature, as by name ;
A bright star in the firmament of fame,
Shedding a radiance beautiful and grand !
Though lowly born, his was a master's hand ;
And wondrously he swept the heaven-sent lyre,
As, now with sweetness, then with martial fire,
He sang the songs that so belovèd stand.

While frail in life, he had a noble mind,
For nobly rings the music of his song ;
He laboured for the welfare of mankind,
A champion of the weak against the strong.
Long may those sweet and fervent songs endure
That show his “love for freedom and the poor.”

TO HOPE.

Hail ! brightest star of multitudes immense.
How grandly in the firmament of life
Thou shinest o'er the scenes of earthly strife,
With rays so clear, so steady, so intense !

Thy brightness comes from God ; and thou wert given
To pierce the sable clouds of sin and care ;
To light us in our battles with despair ;
And finally to lead us on to Heaven.
When other lights have faded, thou dost shine
With greater splendour ; and thy shining brings
Before us visions holy and divine,
While, from the soil of sorrow, gladness springs.
Transcendent Hope ! how wretched should we be
Were not life's darker hours illumed by thee !

LOVE ETERNAL.

We walked one summer eve—my wife and I—
Across the fields and down a cool, green lane :
The flowers, refreshed by recent showers of rain,
Gave forth sweet odours ; in the western sky
The sun in fiery splendour sank to rest.
I gazed upon her face, and as I pressed
Her yielding hand, I whispered, with a sigh,
“ How sad to think that, ere we are aware,
We, like the rest, o'erwhelmed with weight of care,
Must lose the days of love and youth, and die ! ”
How sweet and brave her answer ! “ Nay,” she said,
“ Although we may have thorny paths to tread,
Love will endure when even life will fly,
For love was made for endless youth on high ! ”

THE REV. RICHARD DUNDERDALE.

(Rector of St. Mary's, Blackburn ; Died August 9th, 1887.)

There is a grief words have no power to tell :
It fills the heart when someone near and dear
Is stretched before our eyes upon the bier,
And we must bid the long-loved face farewell.

Such is our grief to-day : a friend most true
To all to whom his kindly heart was known,—
A spiritual father to his own,—
Is lowered slowly from our longing view.

His was the faith that knew not storm or cloud ;
He held it firmly, with a mind serene ;
Proclaimed its beauties, taught its truths aloud,
Yet scorned not those by whom they were not seen.

His charity was genial as the sun :
God grant him rest ; his task was nobly done !

HOGHTON TOWER.

(Built in Queen Elizabeth's reign, by Thomas Hoghton, whose story is quaintly told, under the title of "The Blessed Conscience," in Harland and Wilkinson's "Ballads and Songs of Lancashire.")

Not solely that thou speakest of the hour
When Royal James and all his train were seen
To chase the deer about thy woodlands green,
Do I revere thee, stately Hoghton Tower !
I think of him who built thy "lordly bower
Of sports" upon this rocky height serene,
Yet fled abroad, took Conscience for his Queen,
And dying gave his memory to her dower.

E'en now I see him wander down the hill,
And view the lovely landscape, and the sea
Which in the distance seems so bright and still ;
And, as he looks with longing back to thee,
A voice seems through his wavering soul to thrill,
And says, "Take up thy cross and follow me !"

AN AFTERNOON IN NOVEMBER.

The sky is leaden, though the drenching rain
Has ceased to shoot its angry torrents down !
A sad and dreary aspect has the town,
For soon the floodgates will be loosed again.
Beside the fire I sit at leisure—fain
To learn from Hendrik Conscience the renown

Of my dear Flemish Knights, whose castles brown
And hoary, pass in vision through my brain.

Friends of my schooldays are around me, too,

Full of youth's buoyant hope and sweetest mirth;
May every year their happiness renew!

And may we—pilgrims wandering o'er this earth—
Meet now and then, contented as to-day,
Till life grows dark, then pass in peace away.

November 19th, 1883.

CHARLES SWAIN.

How truthful are thy verses, noble singer!

'Tis seldom that amid the crowd we find

A Bard like thee; for thou didst sing 'The Mind'

With music whose sweet echoes seem to linger

About our lives, as though an angel's finger

Had swept for once across an earthly lyre,

And left to us the strong, but vain, desire

To hear again the heavenly solace-bringer

Peal forth his message from the mountain height

Whilst we stood listening in the vale below.

'The Mind' secures thy fame; while pure and bright

Thy ballad-strains like silver streamlets flow,

And on dear 'English Melodies' the light

Of home reflects, like sunbeams on the snow.

SCANDAL.

Behold this man, with handsome form and face,
Crowned King of Wit, 'mid scenes of reckless mirth ;
Yet known to Truth as one devoid of worth,
And made a slave to passions dark and base !
Oft, when he speaks, Temptation shakes the space
On which his listeners stand ; a sudden cloud
O'ershadows Faith, as, growing thunder-loud,
His voice begins to revel in disgrace.

Then, from the wild volcano of his soul,
Through his hot lips the burning scandal showers,
Which, blasting all things in its downward roll,
Destroys the children—God's most fragrant flowers—
Sweeps down pure souls that stood like stately trees,
Wrecks peaceful homes, and leaves a poison in the breeze !

TO MR. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

(After reading a series of articles on Ireland.)

Thanks for thy noble words ! for they have taught
Our English hearts to grieve o'er Erin's wrongs ;
They have that strength and beauty which belongs
To love fraternal, joined with lofty thought.

Before we read, dense darkness was around us,
And Erin, standing out amid the storm,
Seemed in our eyes a stained and loveless form;
But, when the sunlight of thy pleading found us
At morning's prime, we recognised, with thee,
Her faithful heart, her sorrow, and her beauty;
And said, "Not Fear, but long-imprisoned Duty
Bids us arise and set our sister free :
What need we fear?—our Empire must grow stronger
When Erin's dark despair estranges her no longer ! "

(Written in 1886.)





POEMS
IN THE
LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

THE FIRST CAB.

(A LEGEND OF TURTON.)

Iv there's a two-o'-thre' farmers here
'At's bin to Turton Fair,
Just let 'em hearken while aw tell
A thing that happened there.

'Twere in th' owd days when th' railway train
Hed never shown id' face,
An' news would travel slowly to
A quiet country place.

One summer neet a gallant steed
Dashed into th' village street,
An'—wod wer then a curious thing—
A four-wheeled cab wer wi' 't.

A grandly decorated cab,
Wi' paint an' colours gay,
As fine as folks are preawd on yet
Upon their weddin' day.

Id stopped at front o' th' little Inn,
A gentleman geet eawt,
An' then the noisy gossipers
O creawded reawnd abeawt.

The mother wi' her child i' th' arms,
The fayther wi' his spade,
The young uns an' the owd uns stared
'Till th' driver wer dismayed.

The little lads kept dcdgin' reawnd,
And plucked the hoss's tail ;
The lass wi' milk fro' th' dairy grinned
Fro' underneath her pail.

They stared so hard an' stared so long
That th' driver blushed an' swore
He'd bet they'd never sin a cab
I' o their lives afoor.

An' he wer reet; for long they talked,
An' wondered wod id waur
That th' hoss hed browt to th' country side,
An' wod sich things were for.

But when they'd talked till they were hooarse,
They couldn't find id' name;
Sooa th' chap geet in, an' th' cab seet off
As nameless as id came.

Just then id turned a corner, an'
A little urchin see 't,
He stared wi' both his e'en ablaze
At wod this hoss hed wi' 't.

He took id in fro' top to toe,
An' then he "took his hook,"
An' ran to fotch his mother cawt
I' time to hev a look.

“Just si tha, mam, wod’s comin’ here!”—
His mother ran to see,—
An’ th’ lad, he pointed eawt the cab,
An’ said, wi’ mighty glee,—

“So quare a seet wer never sin,
Aw’m sure, afoor to-day,—
For a leather cart wi’ windows in
Is comin’ deawn this way!”

TH’ OWD COT AW WER BORN IN.

(“Air : “Teddy O’Neale.”)

Aw’ve landed once moor i’ th’ owd country this mornin’,
Where aw lived i’ mi childhood, so careless an’ free ;
An’ aw’ve just bin to look at th’ owd cot aw wer born in—
Id stands under t’ shade o’ yon giant oak tree.
They’n med ter’ble changes sin’ last aw’d a peep in,—
Sin’ poverty drove us to th’ dark smooky teawn,—
They’n blocked up th’ owd garrets eawr lads use’ to sleep in,
Brunt up o th’ hand looms, an’ poo’d th’ weyvin’ shop
deawn.

But th' pooarch wheer mi granny oft coom wi' her knittin'
Is just like it waur i' them breet summer heawrs ;
An' th' owd rustic cheer as mi dad use' to sit in
Stands under th' gred plum tree, i'th' midst o' some
fleawrs.
There's childer at play, an' there's merry bells ringin'
O'er yon little brook, as rowls gaily to th' sea ;
There's little brids hoppin', an' buildin', an' singin',
An' one i' yon bush sings a sweet song to me :—

For id chirps like a lad wi' a heart true an' steady,
'At's waited an' worked for this warm sunny day
When i'th' dear native spot he's a bonny hooam ready
For a-lass 'at's bin pinin' i'th' teawn far away.
Aye, sweet little brid !—thae sings gaily this mornin',
But nod a bit gayer than Jemmy an' me,—
For we're just beawn' to live i'th' owd cot aw wer born in,
An' sing under th' branches, like thy mate an' thee !

HONEST ROGER.

Here's good luck to Honest Roger !
Find his match 'at con ;
He's a blunt an' true owd codger —
Every inch a mon !
O the daicent chaps 'at know him
Like his witty tongue ;
Nowt but two-faced rascals co him,
When they'n gotten stung !

Roger's varra good at speawtin',
Rich i' common-sense,
Though th' owd cooat he knocks abeawt in
Bod cost eighteenpence.
He believes id little matters
Wod yo'n gotten on,
Iv yer bits o' rags an' tatters
Clooathe an honest mon.

Wod he says is reet, depend on't,—
"Search this waurld o through,
Truth 'll live to win at th' end on't,
Lies 'll never do !
Iv a chap's a deawnreet straight un,
Humble though he be"—
Says owd Roger—"he's a reight un,
Just the mon for me !"

Roger likes, just after dinner,
Chattin' wi' his mates—
Two-o'-thre' weyvers an' a spinner—
Deawn bi t' factory gates.
Mony a bit o' good debatin',
Mixed wi' gradely fun,
Passes while they're stannin' waitin'
Till their 'bell heawr's' done.

Mony a dispute he's decided,
Mony a feight he's stopped ;
He's their judge, an' when he's tried id
Oft the case is dropped.
Mony a face hes he med sunny,—
Dried up mony a tear,
Sin' he geet thad bit o' money
Left to him last year.

That's the only thing he's sly in—
Dooin' good to th' poor ;
Lot's 'at hev no bed to lie in
Know his friendly door.
Bless thi heart ! owd Honest Roger.
Heaven wodn'd be
Quite as far off earth, owd codger,
Iv we'd moor like thee !

SONG.

SCHOO'MATES TOGETHER.

(Air : " Ben Bolt.")

When we were o schoo'mates together, mi lads,
Heaw sweet went the merry days then,

We tripped o'er the wild mountain heather, mi lads,
Or chirped as we strolled through the glen.
We'd voices as clear as a layrock that sings
So gaily i'th' welkin aboon,
An' sheawted farewell to all troublesome things
At four on a breet afternoon.
An' sheawted farewell to all troublesome things
At four on a breet afternoon.

We welcomed the grand summer weather, mi lads,
When t' sun never winked through the day,
An' hearts were as leet as a feather, mi lads,
When t' lasses were workin' i'th' hay.
When summer wer fadin', we knew wheer to find
The nuts an' the blackberries too,
An' through the long winter, wi' th' keen frosty wind,
O'er th' ice or wi' t' footbo we flew.
An' through the long winter, wi' th' keen frosty wind,
O'er th' ice or wi' t' footbo we flew.

Th' owd maister wer olez so cheery, mi lads,
An' though we were careless an' slow,
His brain never seemed to ged weary, mi lads,
But patiently fowt wi' us o.
He teyched us to strive for wodever wer reet,
As through this quare waurld we tramped on ;

He'd a gradely owd heart, may his slumber be sweet,
I' t' wonderful land wheer he's gone.
He'd a gradely owd heart, may his slumber be sweet,
I' t' wonderful land wheer he's gone.

He's laid underneath yon owd willow, mi lads,
Wheer lots of his scholars lie too,
Wheer poor limp'in' Joe fun' a pillow, mi lads,
An' Charlie wi' th' e'en breet an' blue.
There's lasses an' lads i' yon little churchyard
That bloomed like sweet fleawrs for a day ;
To' sweet an' to' good for a waurld that wer hard,
They cheered us an' then slipped away.
To' sweet an' to' good for a waurld that wer hard,
They cheered us an' then slipped away.

But still, what's the use o' repinin', mi lads,
There's lots o' th' owd mates here to-neet,
An' th' schoo'lasses' faces are shinin', mi lads,
O'er hooams that eawr childer mek breet.
Then let kindly feelin's be near us to th' end,
To keep eawr owd hearts i' good tune,
For iv we be true to both stranger an' friend,
We s' ged to be schoo'mates aboon ;
For iv we be true to both stranger an' friend,
We s' ged to be schoo'mates aboon !

TH' OWD GATE DEAWN AT TH' END
OV EAWR FOWD.

They tell mo this waurld's olez changin',
I' th' country as weel as i'th' teawn,
An' owd Slater said th' last wer comin'
When his pair o' hand-looms wer poo'd deawn.
To-day I could welly believe him,—
For they say, neaw as th' heawses are sowd,
As they're beawn to cut deawn th' garden hedges
An' poo' deawn th' owd gate i' eawr fowd.
It's t' wo'st news aw've heeard for a twelvemonth,
An' it's med mo feel fifty year' owd,—
Though it's bod abeawt twelve sin' aw'er swingin'
On th' gate deawn at th' end ov eawr fowd.

Yo' may think aw'm quite silly for frettin'
O'er such a quare thing as a gate ;
But id carries owd time on id' hinges,
As id swings to an' fro soon an' late.
Aw remember mi good-hearted fayther
Pearkt mo onto id mony a time,
When aw waur but a wee merry lassie,
An' aw laughed as he sung an owd rhyme ;
For th' happiest days o' mi childhood,
When th' waurld wer ne'er gloomy an' coud,
Wer' spent swingin' back'ard an' forrad
On th' gate deawn at th' end ov eawr fowd !

An' then, O ! heaw weel aw remember
Heaw mi heart leapt wi' love pure an' sweet,
When i' t' middle o' bonny September
Young Charlie coom cooartin' one neet ;
Heaw he tow'd mo th' owd stooary so tender,
An' begged mo to help him through life ;
Heaw he said fo' twelvemonths he'd bin longin'
To mek mo his own little wife !
Aw s' ne'er i' this lifetime forged id—
Heaw sweetly thad love tale wer tow'd,
As we stood when th' owd sun wer just settin'
Bi th' gate deawn at th' end ov eawr fowd !

We were wel when o t' spring birds were singin'
An' t' fleawrs were just buddin' on t' trees,
An' t' bells o' th' owd church gaily ringin',
Tow'd th' stooary to th' sweet mornin' breeze !
An' then we walked hooam to th' owd cottage,
An' t' merriment sterted for t' day ;
'They were dancin' till welly next mornin'—
T' lads an' lasses were never so gay.
But Charlie an' me into t' moonleet
Crept eawt—mon an' wife—an' still vowed
To be lovers for ever an' ever
Bi th' gate deawn at th' end ov eawr fowd !

Sin' then, as aw've said, there's bin changes—
Mi fath'er went Hooam to his rest,

An' t' best mother soon followed after
As e'er held a child to her breast.
But aw've still Charlie here, an' mi childer—
Two rooases—a lass an' a lad ;
An' aw think, tekkin' life o'together,
We'n nod so mich cause to be sad :
For true love can drive away sorrow
Far better nor silver an' gowd ;
So aw'll keep a leet heart for to-morrow,
Though aw'm loysin' th' owd gate i' eawr fowd !

DEAWN BI T' RIBBLE SIDE.

(Air : " Love at Home.")

When the settin' sun shines breet
O'er the silver tide,
Oft aw stray wi' lingerin' feet
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.
While the wavelets whisper near,
Aw con sheed a lonely tear
O'er mi youthful days so dear,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Silvery tide, sweetly glide,
Bring me back those youthful days,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Here aw use' to laugh an' play,
Full o' boyish pride :—
Like a dreeam id seems to-day,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.
Schoo'mates' voices clear an' strong,
Dear young faces cherished long,
Use' to mek a merry throng
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Silvery tide, sweetly glide,
Bring me back those merry days,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Theer one neet the stars did shine
O'er mi promised bride,
When hoo gave her heart for mine,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.
Two true hearts 'at love med one,
Grew moor fond as time went on,
While sweet childer's faces shone,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Silvery tide, sweetly glide,
Bring me back those lovelit days,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Some are gone to foreign lands,
O'er the ocean wide—
Only one owd schoo'mate stands
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Owd an' lonely, soon aw'll creep
Wheer yo' see yon grey church peep,
Theer mi wife an' childer sleep,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

Silvery tide, sweetly glide,
Sing for ever o'er mi grave,
Deawn bi t' Ribble side.

JOHNNY'S WATCH.

Theer's Johnny! he's nowt but a tenter,
His clooas are owd an' worn,
But his mam says a blessin' wer sent her
Thad mornin' as he wer born.
Aw'll tell yo, there isn'd so mony
As doesn'd think weel o' him ;—
There's a tale often tow'd abeawt Johnny
As meks fooak's e'en grow dim.

His mother wer left a poor widow,
An' he wer her only child ;
He cheered her when sorrow coom o'er her,
An' his heart leeapt up when hoo smiled.
Aw know yo'll hev sin 'em together—
They plodded through t' streets bi theirsels',
An' geet up i' o sooarts o' weather
When they heeard the factory bell.

One mornin' a while afoor Christmas
Poor Johnny wer cryin' his fill,—
He'd to go to his work beawt his mother,
For hoo'd been ta'en suddenly ill.
He left her i'th' care ov a neighbour,
An' went, wi' a heart like lead,
To his weary an' tiresome labour
To struggle for daily bread.

There waur but thad little hafe-timer,
For mony a sorrowin' day,
To toyl for thad poor lonely woman
While tossin' i'th' fayver hoo lay.
But charity browt fooak near her
As hardly hed known her afoor ;
An' neighbours to help her an' cheer her
Were never away fro' t' door.

An' so hoo wer soon eawt o' danger,—
But still hoo kept lingerin' on,
An' couldn'd ged much ov her strength back,
Though mony a week hed gone.
Poor Johnny ! he knew hoo wer pinin'
For some'at moor daicent to eyt :—
Iv yo' want to hev ill fooak dinin',
Yo' mun tempt 'em wi' tasty meyt.

Id wer geddin' near th' examination,
An' Johnny wer missin' his schoo';
But he knew o' some wonderful prizes,
An' he med up his mind what to do:—
He wodn'd say owt to his mother,
But he'd work like a giant to pass,
An' to win wod the maister's rich brother
Wer givin' to th' best lad i'th' class.

I'th' midst ov his hunger an' sorrow,
He moytherd an' studied away;
An' his prize wer a watch o' silver
Thad examination day!
Yo' should ha' heeard th' schoo' childer cheerin'
When they fun' eawt wod Johnny hed won,
An' t' maister could scarce' ged a hearin'
To praise him for wod he hed done.

Thad neet Johnny stood in a watch shop,
Wi' a policeman clooase at his side:—
For th' watch-maker thowt he'd been steysin',
An' coed him a thief till he cried.
But th' "bobby" soon fun' as he knew him—
His childer hed tow'd him the tale—
So they couldn'd do owt else to him
Than let the lad finish his sale!

When Johnny geet hooam he wer looaded
· Wi' dozens o' dainty things ;
His mother 'd ha' thowt him an angel
Iv he hedn'd bin short o' wings !
But when he unravelled his stooary
The tears coom into her e'en,—
Id med her booath happy an' sooary,
An' as preawd ov her lad as a queen.

Her happiness conquered her illness,
An' Johnny wer leet an' gay ;
An' *somebody* geet to hear on 't ;—
But waited till Christmas day,
When the watch, so breet and bonny,
Coom back through t' pooastmon's hand,
Wi' a letter i' praise o' Johnny,
“The noblest lad in the land.”

THE WINTER'S COMIN' ON, MI LASS.

The winter's comin' on, mi lass,
The north wind's blowin' cowl :
Aw'm sure we've cooarted long enough,
It's time eawr tale wer towld,
The brids 'at sung i' yonder tree
Are flown across the brine,
An' aw've a cheery hooam for thee,
Where love's breet sun can shine.

Tha doesno' want to ged mo lost
Among the moorland snow,
Thi laugh belies tha when tha says
Aw needn'd come at o.
When t' weather's wild, we cornd ged eawt
A-walkin' hafe an heavr,
There's olez some'at rough abeawt,—
A snowstorm or a sheawr.

An' when aw come an' stop i'th' heawse
Yore lads mek sich a din
That iv aw've bod two words to say
Aw connod ged 'em in.
Thi fayther will talk politics,
An' likes a reawnd wi' me,—
He thinks aw come a-campin' him,
An' nod a-cooartin' thee.

An' when there's nob'ry else i'th' place,
Yore Molly ceawrs i'th' nook,
As quate an' wakken as a meawse,
Wi' th' papper or a book;
Hoo reads a deecal, an' one would think
Her common sense would tell
'At cooarters sometimes like an heavr
To whisper bi theirs'.

Thi fayther thinks when fooak geds wed
They should hev lots o' brass,—
A mon should hev his fortune med
Afoor he claims his lass.
Aye, well! aw'm wo'th a field or two,
A bonny cot an' o ;
An' when there's steady hands at th' plough
Sich things are sure to grow.

The sweetest charm o' wedded life
Is nod i' fortunes grand ;
It's nau'but known to th' mon an' wife
'At's strivin' hand-in-hand.
The lark 'at builds id' own wee nest
Is merry wi' id' mate,
While mony a soul can find no rest
Inside a palace gate.

An' neaw aw've welly done, mi lass,
Mi stooary's gotten tow'd ;—
An' winter's comin' on, mi lass,
The north wind's blowin' cōwd,—
Come show thi bonny e'en to me,
Clasp thy two hands i' mine,
An' say tha'll claim wod waits for thee,
An' mek yon sweet cot thine.

LANCASHIRE FUN.

When the leet fades away
At the closin' o' day,
An' toilin' an' scrapin' are done,
It's merry an' sweet
Wi' mi true mates to meet
For an heawr or two's Lancashire fun.

They sit reawnd yon fire,
An' their tongues never tire,
As they tell o'th' wild marlocks they played
When youth's merry days
Seet their spirits ablaze,
An' they'd never known friendship to fade.

O! there's o sooarts o' wit,
But there's nowt as can hit
The breet spot i' this grey heyd o' mine
Like a crack or a song
I' eawr Lancashire tongue,
For id raises owd mem'ries so fine.

An' the breet days ov owd,
When mi heart wer so bowd
An' aw only knew sorrow bi name,
Seem as fresh an' as clear
As the smiles aw meet here
When aw come mi owd cronies to claim.

Then aw'll tooast yo', mi lads,
May yer sons—like their dads—
Still be merry, straight-forrad, an' true ;
For a bit o' gay chaff,
Or a reet hearty laugh,
Nayther horts a wise mon nor a foo'.

An' as years rowl along,
May they join in a song
Otogether, when toilin' is done,
Wi' their hearts just as leet,
As yer own are to-neet,
Through an heawr or two's Lancashire fun !

OWD JEMMY.

What ! never knowed owd Jemmy, lad,
As use' to live up yon ?—
Kept hens, an' wooave o' th' owd hand-looms—
Well, thae'rt a bonny mon !
Aw'll bet there waurn'd a single sowl,
Fro' here to th' end o' th' looan,
As dudn'd wish owd Jemmy weel,
Or mourn when he wer gooan.

Aw've set on th' seeatboard mony an heawr,
While he booath wooave an' sung,
Or ceawrd bi th' fire, an' hearkened th' tales
As he spun off his tongue.
He'd talk o' th' cruel Corn Law days,
When fleawr wer sixpence th' peawnd,
An' t' corn wer kept fro' t' starvin' poor,
Then chucked i' t' sea unseawnd.

Iv thae'rt a Tory, dornd be mad
At wod aw'm beawn' to tell,—
He often said as th' Corn Law gang
Hed sprung fro' "him i' hell !"
That's rayther strong ; but them sad days
Hed robbed him ov his mam,
An' left him, an' some moor beside,
To work an' cry an' clam.

Sometimes he'd hev a noysy lot
O' rampin', laughin' lads
Set reawnd his fire, while he tow'd tales
Abeawt their youthful dads;—
Wod fun they hed, wod tricks they played,
When he wer in his prime,—
Aw'm sure he welly med th' lads ill
Wi' laughin', mony a time.

But mooast ov o, owd Jemmy loved
A pratty little child ;
Id mattered nowt wod troubled him—
Iv he si one he smiled ;
He'd welly olez one bi th' hand
When ramblin' to and fro',
An' t' youngsters seemed to think as he
Wer th' Grandad to 'em o.

To'ard th' latter end he use' to say
He'd be content to dee,
Iv he mut sit at " Heaven's door,"
Wi' a child on oather knee.
An' when his life wer gooin' deawn,
Like th' ocean's ebbin' tide,
He couldn'd be contented till
They browt one to his side.

He passed away i' t' summer time,
When roses were i' bloom ;
An' th' owd sun brook through t' cleawds o' grief
As hung o'er o i'th' room.
Aw think his sowl's at rest.—“ Aye, sure ;
An' hes bin mony a day ;
For sich a good owd heart as his
Could ne'er go far astray ! ”

THE HOOAM OV A LANCASHIRE MON.

Aw've tramped a good deal through mi own native land,
Aw've anchored mi boat on a far foreign strand,
Bin cast among riches, an' poverty too,
Hed work, an' bin wantin' for some'at to do.
Aw've slept in a palace, an' lodged in a tent,
An' kept mi e'en oppen wherever aw went,
But ov o sooarts o' hooams aw could never find one
To compare wi' the hooam ov a Lancashire mon.

Aw remember quite weel heaw aw've oft laid mo deawn
I' mi quare lookin' bed i' thad Indian teawn
Wheer aw sowjerd a while, an' mi efforts to skeeam
A tidy neet's sleep use' to end in a dream
Ov a little thacked cot in a little green fowd,
Wheer aw lived when aw waur but a dozen year' owd ;
An' aw sighed when aw wakkened to find id o gone—
Thad hooam wheer aw grew up a Lancashire mon.

There's no place i'th' waurld hafe so snug or so sweet,
When a fella comes back fro' his work ov a neet,
As the spot wheer he meets wi' the joys ov his life—
His wee bonny childer an' hard-workin' wife.
An' iv yo be anxious to learn an' to see
Heaw blithe an' contented a toycler can be,
Yo'll find th' best example 'at ever yo con
In the hooam ov a steady young Lancashire mon.

There's a reet hearty welcome whenever yo co,
For Lancashire feelin' hes full room to flow,
Id isn'd chooaked up wi' so mich empty pride,
An' hypocracy ne'er comes to poison id' tide :
But clear an' unhindered id rowls on id' way,
An' strangers 'at's tasted id olez will say
As the kindest fooak they could ever leet on
Were found in the hooam ov a Lancashire mon.

Just co at yar Tum's: th' kettle hums upo' th' hob,
An' his wife sings a song to their Nelly an' Bob ;
For they're o fain to see him ged hooam to his tay
After drivin' four looms o this dark lookin' day.
Wi' th' childer, it's which can be th' fost on his knee,
Their love for their fayther's untrammelled an' free ;
An' his wife, tentin' t' meyt 'at hoo's fryin' i' t' pon,
Thinks there's nob'ry so true as her Lancashire mon.

Iv yo'll stop till they'n just gotten th' childer to bed,
Yo'll hear a rare bit o' Ned Waugh sung or read ;
An' theer yo'll sit sighin' and laughin' bi turns
At the wisdom and wit ov eawr Lancashire Burns.
An' when yo've shaken hands wi' a ringin' ' good neet,'
An' th' cottage behind yo fades slow fro' yer seet,
Yo'll say "there's some true English happiness yon,"
An' be preawd o' the hooam ov a Lancashire mon !

HE COULDN'D COME.

One fine Sunda' mornin' when th' church bells wer ringin
To co th' Preston fooak to their prayin' an' singin',
A bunch o' young ruffins hed dodged th' Sunda' schoo',
An' were lookin' abeawt for some mischief to do,
When one little dule said "Aw'll tell yo' wod, lads,
Let's pop o'er this wo—eawt o' th' seet o' wer dads—
An' play on th' cut bank till o th' service is done ;
Aw've a good set o' dominoes—here's off for fun ! "

Wi' thad, in a jiffy, he beawnced onto th' wo ;
His mates followed after, nod one on 'em slow ;
An' soon the young gamblers (for thad's wod they waur)
Hed th' dominoes eawt, an' wer mekkin' a stor
For a gradely good game in a quate little nook,
Where nob'ry frae th' street would be likely to look.
An' theer they sat playin' bi th' side o' th' canel,
Wi' nob'ry to see 'em their faythers to tell.

They played hofe an heawr i' this snug little spot,
An' then th' game begun to ged noysy an' hot ;
For little Bill Dykes, wi' a voyce like a drum,
Bawls eawt to his mate, "*Neaw, mi nabs, con ta come ?* "
"Thae noysy young crackpot," his mate answered,
 "*Nowe !*"
Dost want 'em to hear us i' th' street, thae young foo ? "
"Nod aw, lad !" said Billy, " but *aw* s' nod be dumb
For th' sake o' fooak hearin'—once moor, Con ta come ? "

Afoor th' other lad could mek answer at o,
A gred strappin' Bobby coom beawncin' o'er th' wo
Sheawtin' "*Nowe, lads, but aw con come : stop yer wild
 racket,*"
Aw'll put every one on yo in a strait jacket ! "
Wi' thad he gave chase ; but he only catched one,
An' thad wer poor Billy—the noysiest mon !
O th' others, like hares, darted swift eawt o' th' seet,
An' left him wi' th' dominoes strewn at his feet.

The Bobby marched Billy deawn th' bank varra stately,
An' th' lad, for a wonder, went humbly and quately ;
But afoor they reyched th' brig to cross o'er into th' street,
A gred creawd o' folk they're beginnin' to meet,
For a church wer just locin' ; an' comin' deawn th' broo
Folk could see onto th' bank, an' hev quite a good view
O' th' prisoner an' th' pleecemon that walked bi his side ;
An' this bothered Billy, for th' lad hed some pride.

"Aw'll tell yo wod, pleecemon," he said varra foce,
"Aw wish for a minute yo'd just let mo loce.
Eawr fooak 'll be comin' fro' th' church across th' street,
An' mi mother 'll faint iv hoo sees mo this seet.
There's th' wo at this side, an' there's watter at th' other—
Aw cornd ged away: but for th' sake o' mi mother,
Let mo walk bi misel' for a minute or two,
An' then they'll nod know 'at there's bin owt to do."

Well, th' Bobby looked reawnd, an' agreed wi' his mate
'At there waurn'd hofe a chance for to get eawt o' th' gate;
So he leet the lad loce 'at he'd howden so fast,
An' they walked bi theirsels till o th' fooak hed gone past.
The lad toddled on quate enough for a while;
An' th' Bobby were hummin' a tune i' rare style,
When, sudden as gunshot, th' lad med a dash,
An' *jumped i' th' canel*, wi' a yell an' a splash.

Th' poor Bobby wer varra near frettened to deeth;
But afoor he hed time to recover his breeath,
Like leetnin', hofe way across th' wayter Bill swum,
An' then, wi' a grin, sheawted, "*Neaw* con ta come?
Wod says ta, owd matie?"—"Nowe, dall thi rags! Nowe!
Thae smart little rascal, thae's tricked mo, bi gow!"
"Aye," th' lad sheawted back, "aw wer just thinkin' sooa,
Thae connod come neaw; but thae sees *aw con gooa*!"

GIVE EVERY MON HIS DUE.

Aw've rambled up an' deawn this waurld
For five-an'-sixty year',
Aw've booath hed mony a merry laugh
An' mony a lonely tear;
Aw'm one as knows booath friends an' foes,—
There's lots o' things aw rue,—
But this is still mi motto, lads,
Give every mon his due.

Ov coorse, when aw wer green an' young,
Like mony a lad beside,
'Aw use' to think this waurld knew o,
An' bowed before id' pride:
But soon aw fun' that iv a mon
Were poor as weel as true,
'Twere ten to one though hard he toiled
He'd never ged his due.

Yo' see, there's sich a lot o' fooak
'At's bod one gradely e'e,—
They peep an' smile at th' rich an' fine,
But th' poor they connod see.
They'll like a mon iv he geds on,
An' joins their waurldly crew,
But iv he does his best an' fails,
They think no praise is due.

There's some fooak laughs when t' weather's fine,
An' cosses when id rains,—
Sich like 'll cooart the men wi' brass
But scorn the men wi' brains.
There's mony a chap gi'es o his peawrs
To help his neighbours through,
But, like th' owd sun that feeds yon fleawrs,
He seldom geds his due.

When dark an' deadly slander comes
To cleawd a mon's good name,
There's olez lots o' idle tongues
To spreyd th' unwelcome fame ;
But give to me them kindly sowls—
Aw wish they waurn'd so few—
That patient bide, watch every side,
An' give the mon his due.

Oh, mates ! i' country place an' teawn,
Through t' length an' breadth o' t' land,
There's mony a lonely heart goes deawn
Witheawt a helpin' hand.
But let goodwill be near us still,
When others' fau'ts we view,
For One Aboon 'll render soon
To every mon his due !

A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME.

A country life for me, mi lads,
A country life for me !
O'er breezy hills an' fleawry dales
Aw s' ramble till aw dee.
Aw fost si leet wheer t' sky wer breet
An' throstles sung so gay,
An' olez loved th' owd country side
When aw wer miles away.

Eawr Bill, 'at lives i' yonder teawn,
Thinks th' country varra grand
When t' summer sun shines gaily deawn,
An' breetens o the land ;
But when there's snow or cowl winds blow
I' th' bracin' winter time,
O'er yon owd hill that parts us two
Aw connod mek him climb.

He says it's ankle deep i' slutch
So wheer yo set yer feet,
An' t' looans are awful after dark
For want o' gradely leet.
Beawt music-halls, theatres, balls,
Or owt to pass time on,
He thinks he'd be a gradely foo'
Afoor a month hed gone.

Well, well! aw cornd expect as fooak
Will o think like misel',
But why they dornd, o'er sich a thing,
Is moor nor aw con tell.
When t' rain comes deawn so dree i' th' teawn
A fella's spirit drops
To ceawr i' th' heawse wi' nowt to see
But slates and chimbley tops.

I' th' daytime factory chimblies belch
Their smook i' mony a street,
There's drunken fooak an' railway trains
As rowl abeawt o neet.
There's childer thin 'at's never sin
The bonny brids an' trees,
Their faces look so white for want
O' th' healthy country breeze.

Aye, give to me the country lanes,
Where peace an' quateness dwell,
For theer a sweetness floods mi heart
As words can never tell!
O'er breezy hills an' fleawry dales
Aw'm fain to ramble still,
An' fo asleep i' th' owd churchyard
At th' foot o' yonder hill.

EAWR DICK'S BEAWN A-COOARTIN'
TO-NEET.

There's twopence bin gi'n to eawr Johnny
For cleynin' a new pair o' shoon ;
Some 'bacco's bin bowt for mi gronny,
For airin' yon breeches o' th' oon ;
A reet hearty kiss to eawr Lizzie,
For fixin' a collar on reet :—
Yo wonder wod meks o so busy,—
Eawr Dick's beawn a-cooartin' to-neet !

For mony a week he's bin pinin',
An' ceawrin' i' th' nook like a foo' ;
But neaw t' sun's beginnin' o' shinin',
An' t' sky shows a wee bit o' blue.
His luck hes bin varra like th' weather,
But things are at last geddin' breet,—
Aw've sin him an' Nelly together,
An' Dick's beawn a-cooartin' to-neet.

He's just hed a dust wi' mi fayther
O'er nod comin' in afoor ten ;
Mi dad tells him straight as he'd rayther
Nod see bits o' lads actin' men :
“ When he wer a lad, there wer never
Sich pride when a lass wer to meet.”—
Mi gronny chimes in, “ Well, iv ever !—
What's up wi' thi memory to-neet ? ”

Mi mother toyls on—Heaven bless her !
Hoo hesn'd a deecal to say ;
Though aw *waur* feeard th' news would distress her,
When hoo heeard id so sudden to-day.
For Dick thinks the waurld ov his mother,
He's kind, an' his temper's so sweet ;
Hoo knows 'at hoo'll ne'er see another
Like him as goes cooartin' to-neet.

But hoo likes the shy look o' good natur'
As shines i' sweet Nelly's blue e'en ;
For t' lass is as daicent a craytur
As ever coom trippin' o'er t' green.
Her bonny face fills mo wi' pleasure,
Whenever aw happen to see 't,—
May joy be shared eawt i' full measure
To them as goes cooartin' to-neet !

Good heavens ! O t' drawers are upended,
He's left o his rags upo' t' floor ;
His stockin's hev o to be mended,
While he's swellin' off eawt o' t' door !
Ne'er mind ! Aw s' be like to excuse him,—
His heart's med his heyd a bit leet,—
An' aw know Nelly wi'-nod refuse him,
When Dick goes a-cooartin' to-neet.

PHILOSOPHER BILL.

Aw'm just gooin' deawn for a pipe an' a gill
An' a hofe an heawr's camp wi' Philosopher Bill ;
He's the faucest owd chap that aw ever did see,
Wi' a reet merry twinkle i' oather blue e'e.
O, them e'en ov owd Bill's! they con look a mon through,—
He con tell in a crack a wise chap fro' a foo' :
Id wer just through him reading fooak's thowts wi' sich
skill
That he fust geet the name o' Philosopher Bill.

He's nod to co rich ; but he's ne'er discontent,
For his life, like his money, 's bin ter'ble weel spent :
His motto wer olez " tek keer o' yer own ;
Mek yer childer do th' same ; let your neighbours alone ;
Dornd lock up yer heart when yo lock yer heawse door,
But keep a warm place in 't for th' wanderin' poor ;
For wi' givin' some beggar an owd pair o' shoon
Yo may find a new pair when yo 're climbin' Aboon ! "

But the things he cries deawn wi' o th' strength ov his
lungs

Are envious fooak an' their envious tongues :—

" They're th' seawrdocs o' th' waurld," so he said
yesterneet,

" An' they cornd abide th' appos for tastin' so sweet.

So they tittle an' tattle, an' poo' a long face,

Iv yo keep yersel' wakken an' lick 'em i' th' race ;

An' though yo'd to walk, while they rooad in a cart,

They'll whimper like lads ' Tha'd to' mich ov a start.' "

“ Iv yer merry an’ single, an’ howds up yer yed,
They’ll say, ‘ Thad’ll hev to be tamed when it’s wed ; ’
Iv yo ’re wed, wi’ two childer, while they’ve a lot moor,
They’ll wish to the Lord yo’ wer pown wi’ a scoor ;
Iv a chap an’ his mate con keep thick o their life,
They’re sure to cry ‘ henpeck ’ at him or his wife ;
An’ sooa they keep singin’ wherever yo’ torn,
‘ One hofe o’ this waurld doesn’d know as its born ! ’ ”

“ Heaw different,” says Bill, “ are th’ owd mates we’ve
 booath known,
‘ At ’ll mek both yer luck an’ misfortunes their own,
An’ ll olez contrive to be somewheer abeawt
When yer lamp o’ good fortune hes welly gone eawt.
O, they’ll feed the dull flame wi’ a word o’ good cheer,
An’ rejoice i’ their hearts when id blazes eawt clear,
For they’n pity an’ charity strong i’ their breast,
An’ th’ angels keep guard when they lie deawn to rest.”

Aw’ve hearkened owd Bill till mi e’en wer quite dim,
An’ aw’ve often thowt angels coom talkin’ to him ;
For though sometimes he rages at wrong an’ disate,
There’s nob’ry i’ th’ waurld as he knows heaw to hate !
May he live to be moor nor a hundred year’ owd,
Wi’ his cupboard weel packed, an’ his hearth never cowl,
An’ his daicent owd dame to keep breetenin’ still
The last cheery days o’ Philosopher Bill.

MERRY MATES.

(Air: "Fill the Bumper Fair.")

Merry mates are we,
 Passin' reawnd together
Jovial tales an' free,
 Carin' nowt for th' weather.
Winter winds, we know,
 Reawnd abeawt are sobbin',
Still among the snow
 Chirps the breet red robin.

Every heart that's leet,
 Laughin' meks id leeter;
Every face that's breet,
 Fun 'll mek id breeter.
Tell yer merry tales,
 Wind yer gowden bobbin,
Through owd Winter's gales
 Chirps eawr own Cock Robin.

Theer's a singer true,
 Leet of heart an' limber,
One owd fiddle, too,
 Built o' gradely timber.
Oft young Robin sings,
 While owd Roger's fingers
Wakken th' witchin' strings
 Wheer sweet music lingers.

Iv thae'rt feelin' seawr,
Stor thi stumps, owd codger,
Come an' spend an heawr
Campin' wi' owd Roger.
Dunnot be a foo',
Dunnot pine an' shiver,
Join owd Roger's schoo',
Laughin' 's good for th' liver.

We'll mek room for thee,
While we tell together
Merry tales an' free,
Carin' nowt for th' weather.
Winter winds, we know,
Reawnd abeawt are sobbin',
Still among the snow
Chirps the breet red robin.

F I N I S .



Glossary to the Dialect Poems.

Abeawt, about
Aboon, above
Afoor, before
An', and
Appos, apples
As, 'At, that
Aw, I
Aw'll, I will
Aw s', I shall
Aye, sure ; yes, certainly

Bawls eawt, calls out
Beawn to, bound to, going to
Beawt, without
Bell-heawr, meal time
Bi theirsel', by themselves,
alone

Bin, been
Bobby, policeman
Bod, but, only
Booat, boat
Bowt, bought
Brass, money
Breet, bright
Brid, bird
Browt, brought
Broo, brow
Brooak, broke
Brunt, burnt
Bud, but, only

Campin', chatting.
Canel, Canal
Catched, caught
Ceawrd, covered
Chaff, banter
Chap, fellow
Cheer, chair
Childer, children
Chimbley, chimney
Chucked, thrown
Clam, starve
Cleawds, clouds
Cleynin', cleaning
Cloos, clothes
Co, (1) call, (2) abuse
Codger (Cadger), fellow
Con, can
Connod, cannot
Cooat, coat
Cooartin', courting
Coom, came
Corn'd, cannot
Cosses, curses, curse
Cowd, cold
Crack, (1) an instant, (2) a joke
or merry anecdote
Craytur, creature
Creawded, crowded
Cronies, mates
Cut, canal

Dad, father
 Daicent, decent
 Deawn, down
 Dee, die
 Disate, deceit
 Doesno', does not, dost not
 Dooin', doing
 Dorn'd, don't
 Dree, monotonous
 Dreeam, dream
 Drooav, drove
 Dudn'd, did not
 Dust, a warm discussion
 Dule (Devil), smart fellow

 Eawr, our
 Eawt, out
 E'e, eye ; E'en, eyes
 'Em, them
 Eyt, eat

 Fauce (False), knowing, wise
 Fayther, father
 Fayver, fever
 Feeard, afraid
 Fella, fellow
 Fleawr, (1) flour, (2) flower
 Fo, fall
 Foo', fool
 Fooak, folk
 Footbo', football
 Forged, forget
 Forrad, forward
 Fost, first
 Fotch, fetch
 Fowd, fold, yard
 Fowt, fought, toiled
 Fun', found

 Ged, get ; Geddin, getting
 Geet, got
 Getten, gotten
 Gill (Jill), in Lancashire, half-a
 pint
 Gi'n, given
 Gooa, go ; Gooan, gone
 Gowd, gold
 Gradely, proper-ly, thorough-ly
 Gred, great

Gronny, granny

 Hafe, or Hofs, half
 Hafe-timer (Half-timer), a child
 who works during one half of
 each day and attends school
 the other half
 Heaw, how
 Heawr, hour
 Heawse, house
 Hed, had
 He'd, (1) he had, (2) he would
 Heear'd, heard
 Hes, has ; Hev, have
 Heyd, head
 Hob, side of fireplace opposite
 oven
 Hoo, she
 Hooam, home
 Hooarse, hoarse
 Horts, hurts
 Hoss, horse

 I', in
 Id, it ; Id', its
 Ill fooak, sick folks
 Iv, if

 Jannock, genuine
 Jiffy, instant

 Keer, care
 Knowed, knew

 Layrock, lark
 Leeap, leap
 Leet, light
 Leet on, alight upon, discover
 Lick, beat
 Limber, lithe, active
 Loce, loose
 Looan, lane
 Lots, plenty
 Loysin', losing

 Mad, vexed
 Maister, master
 Mam, mother
 Marlocks, practical jokes
 Meawse, mouse

Meawths, mouths
Med, made ; Mek, make
Meyt, meat
Mi, my ; Misel', myself
Mich, much
Mo, me
Mon, man ; Mony, many
Mooast, most
Moor, more
Moytherd, worried, troubled
Mun, must ; Mut, might

Nau'but, naught but
Neaw, now
Neet, night
Nob'ry, nobody
Nod, not
Nod, a, a doze, a sleep
Nor, than
Nowe, no (the negative answer)
Nowt, nought
Noysy, noisy

O, all
O', of, on
Oather, either
Olez, always
On, of
Oak, oak
Oon, Oven
Oppen, open
Otogether, altogether
Ov, of
Owd, old
Owt, aught, anything, ought

Papper, paper, newspaper
Peawnd, pound
Peawrs, powers
Peearkt, perched
Pleecemon, policeman
Pon, pan
Poo'd, pulled
Pooarch, porch
Pratty, pretty
Prawd, proud

Quare, queer
Quate, quiet

Rayther, rather
Reawnd, round
Reet, Reight, right
Rowls, rolls
Ruffins (Ruffians), rough lads
Scoor, score
Seawnd, sound
Seawr, sour
Seeatbooard, the seatboard of
a handloom
Seet, sight ; See 't, see it, saw
it.

Seet off, started off
Set, sat
Sheawr, shower
Sheawted, shouted
Sheed, shed, let fall
Si, (1) see, (2) saw
Sich, such
Sin, seen ; Sin', since
Skeeam, scheme
Slutch, sludge
Smooky, smoky
Some'at, somewhat, something
Sooa, so ; Sooart, sort
Sowd, sold
Sowjered, soldiered, served in
the army
Sowl, soul
Speawtin' (Spouting), speech-
making
Stannin', standing
Sterted, started
Steysin', stealing
Stooary, story
Stor thi stumps, stir thy feet
Swellin', swelling, swaggering

T', Th', the
Ta, Tha, Thae, thou
Tay, tea
Teawn, town
Tekkin', taking
Tentin', attending to
Tenter, weaver's assistant
Ter'ble, terrible, wonderful
Teyched, taught
Thad, that
Thae'rt, Tha'rt, thou art

Thacked, thatched
 Theer, there
 Theirsel', themselves
 They'n, they have
 Thick, friendly
 Thowt, thought
 To'ard, To'art, toward
 Took his hook, ran off
 Towd, told
 Toyler, toiler
 Two-o'-thre' (two or three), a few

Uns, ones

Varra, very
 Voyce, voice

Wakken, waken
 Watter, Wayter, water
 Waur, were, was
 Waurld, world
 Weel, well

Welly, well nigh
 We'n, we have
 Wer, short sound of *were* ; used in dialect for *was*, and occasionally for *our*
 We s', we shall
 Weyvin', weaving
 Wheer, where
 Whol, while
 Wi', with
 Wi'nod, will not
 Wi' 't, with it
 Wo, wall
 Wod, (1) what, (2) would
 Wodn'd, would not
 Wooave, wove
 Wo'st, worst
 Wo'th, worth

Yar, our
 Yed, head
 Yer, Yore, your
 Yo'n, you have





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